THE FUNERAL ORATIONS OF BOSSUET,

PRONOUNCED AT THE INTERMENT OF

HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,

AND

LOUIS OF BOURBON, PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE ABOVE PERSONAGES;

AND

OBSERVATIONS ON THE OTHER ORATIONS

OF THE

BISHOP OF MEAUX;

WITH

SELECT EXTRACTS.

SECOND EDITION.

London:

PRINTED FOR W. CLARKE, NEW BOND STREET,

By S. Gosnell, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

1800.

TO THE

EARL OF CARLISLE,

AS

A HOMAGE TO LITERARY MERIT,

AND AS A

TESTIMONY OF THE HIGHEST PERSONAL REGARD,

THE FOLLOWING VERSION

OF THE

FUNERAL ORATIONS FROM THE BISHOP OF MEAUX,

IS INSCRIBED

BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

HENRIETTA DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

THE Princeſs Henrietta, the youngeſt child of the unfortunate Charles, was born at Exeter, the 16th of June 1644. The Queen being obliged to take refuge in France, conſigned her daughter to the care of the Counteſs of Morton, who at length found the means of eluding the vigilance of the Earl of Eſſex, and of eſcaping with the royal infant. To facilitate the premeditated eſcape, the child was dreſſed in a coarſe grey frock. The conſciouſneſs of diſtinction and pre-eminence, which the female mind ſo early imbibes, and which Shakeſpeare ſo happily delineates in the character of Miranda, was ſtrongly diſplayed by the Princeſs during her flight. Miranda

was not full three years old, when her father fled with her from Milan, which was the age of the Princeſs when the Counteſs of Morton eſcaped with her from Exeter. Miranda ſays, "Had I not four or five women once that tended me?" Henrietta, impreſſed with the ſame idea, was offended at the homely gown ſhe wore, and aſſured every perſon ſhe ſpoke to that ſhe was accuſtomed to a much finer apparel, and that her preſent dreſs did not belong to her.

The Queen, with the expreſſions of the moſt grateful joy, received from the hands of Lady Morton her little daughter, whom ſhe had been obliged to leave at Exeter when her child was ten days old. The Queen's reſidence was at a nunnery in the neighbourhood of Paris. In this retreat the little royal fugitive was educated; and here her mind, like an opening flower, gradually expanded, till ſhe at length diſplayed thoſe attainments for which ſhe afterwards became ſo eminent. On the 31ſt of March 1661, Henrietta was married to Philip Duke of Orleans, the only brother of Louis the Fourteenth. This union did not contribute to the happineſs of the Princeſs. The

Duke of Orleans was handſome, and remarkable for the elegance of his perſon; at the ſame time his ſelf-complacency was diſguſting, and tranſcended the bounds of female vanity. A man thus occupied with his own perſonal attractions could be nothing but a trifler, and conſequently the Duke de St. Simon ſays, "*qu'il ſe noyoit dans la bagatelle.*"

The ſudden tranſition from the gloom of a monaſtery to the ſplendour of a court, opened to the young Princeſs a new ſcene, which demanded her whole attention. The monotonous diſtribution of the hours, and the reſtraints to which ſhe was ſubjected in the convent, heightened her reliſh for the new world which now preſented itſelf to her applauſe, as the elaſtic ſpring riſes from repreſſion with a greater energy. Admitted to the temple of Pleaſure, ſhe ſoon perceived that ſhe was the deity of it. Among the women there was not one to be found, who could contend with her either for the prize of beauty, or for the luſtre of mental accompliſhments. The King became one of her moſt diſtinguiſhed admirers. But the Count de Guiche appears, by the memoirs of the time, to have conceived a more ardent and

laſting attachment, to which the Ducheſs of Orleans is repreſented as not to have been inſenſible: Madame La Fayette maintains, that this mutual preference was never indulged to a criminal extent; ſhe calls, however, their attachment a *confidence libertine*, to which expreſſion it is not eaſy to annex a perfect idea of innocence. But many circumſtances relative to her ſituation invoke indulgence. In the ſeaſon of youth and inexperience, ſhe entered on a ſtage where (attracting and attracted) ſhe found herſelf encompaſſed by the moſt artful and captivating ſeducers, and the moſt dazzling allurements.

In the year 1670, the Ducheſs of Orleans went to England, under the pretext of making a viſit to her brother, but this pretext was to cover a ſecret commiſſion of a political nature, of which ſhe acquitted herſelf to the ſatisfaction of both parties. A few days after her return to France, ſhe was taken ill at St. Cloud: ſhe complained of a pain in her ſide, which augmented after ſhe had drank a glaſs of endive-water. She was frequently heard to ſay ſhe was poiſoned. Mr. Montagu, the Engliſh ambaſſador, who was preſent, ſays, in

his letter to Lord Arlington, that he entreated her in the moſt ſolemn manner to declare, whether or no ſhe apprehended that ſhe was deſignedly poiſoned; but ſhe perſiſted in returning no anſwer, and a few hours after ſhe died in the moſt excruciating torture. No legal inveſtigation was inſtituted to eſtabliſh or overthrow the prevailing opinion of poiſon being adminiſtered to her. Although evidence does not aſcertain the fact, yet on the nature of the diſeaſe, and on the cauſe of her death, a dark ſuſpicion immovably reſts.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE tranſlation of the following Diſcourſe, now preſented to the Public, is rather a ſtrong reſemblance, than an elaborately finiſhed copy: this, however, muſt be underſtood only where ſuperior motives ſanction the liberty that has been taken. The amuſement of the Engliſh reader being the object propoſed in this attempt, the Tranſlator thought he ſhould better accompliſh his purpoſe in ſuppreſſing paſſages where local and minute details could excite no intereſt, where religious intolerance would offend, redundancy fatigue, and adulation diſguſt. As, however, the objectionable paſſages are acceſſory rather than eſſential, and are emboſſed on the compoſition rather than interwoven with it, the progreſs of the Diſcourſe is no where interrupted, and the chain of communication no where broken. This funeral oration was delivered on the 21ſt of Auguſt 1670, in the church of Saint Denis, where the royal family are interred.

THE FUNERAL ORATION
ON
HENRIETTA DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

Vanity of vanities, ſaith the Preacher, all is vanity.

AM I then called upon once more to pay the laſt honours to the dead? is ſhe whom (a few months paſt) I beheld ſo attentive while I was diſcharging this mournful duty to the Queen her mother, is ſhe become the melancholy theme of this day's ſolemnity? Oh, vanity! oh, airy nothing! Little did ſhe imagine, while the filial tear was ſtealing down her cheek, that in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time the ſame company ſhould be aſſembled, to perform the ſame mournful honours to her own memory. Lamented princeſs! muſt England not only deplore thy abſence, but alſo lament thy death? And has France no other pomp, no other triumph, no other trophies than theſe to celebrate thy return?—Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity! Theſe are the only thoughts that occur, this the only reflection that clings to my ſoul in the preſent unforeſeen and ſudden

calamity. This text, which comes home to every boſom, which regards every ſtate, and accompanies all the events and viſſicitudes of life, acquires a particular illuſtration from the object of our preſent concern. For never were the vanities of this world ſo ſtrongly diſplayed, and ſo conſpicuouſly degraded. The ſcene that now arreſts and terrifies our attention, urges me to declare, that health is but an empty name, life a troubled dream, and celebrity a fugitive meteor. Is then man (made after God's own image) a deſpicable being? is man, whom the Saviour of the world, without debaſement, redeemed with his precious blood; is man, thus honoured, a mere ſhadow? This mournful exhibition of human vanity, this untimely death, which chills the public hope, miſled my judgment. Man muſt not be allowed to entertain an unqualified idea of ſelf-degradation. Solomon, who begins his divine work with the words of my text, concludes with revealing to man his dignity: "*Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man: for God ſhall bring every work into judgment, with every ſecret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil!*" So every thing is

vain and unimportant that relates to man, when we advert to the tranſitory courſe of his mortality : every thing becomes dignified when we look to the goal to which he is haſtening. Let us then, in the preſence of that altar and of that tomb, meditate upon that paſſage of Eccleſiaſtes, where the firſt part diſcovers the nothingneſs of man, and the ſecond eſtabliſhes his greatneſs. Let yonder tomb convince us of our wretchedneſs, while yon altar (from whence our prayers aſcend) informs us of our dignity. You are now apprized of the truths which I wiſh this day to inculcate, which are not unworthy of the notice of the great perſonage, and of the illuſtrious aſſembly, before whom I am now ſpeaking.

As a ſtream glides rapidly along, thus flows the courſe of our exiſtence, which, after having traverſed, with more or leſs noiſe, a greater or leſs extent of country, diſembogues at length into a dark gulf! where honours, diſtinctions, and worldly prerogatives are unacknowledged and unknown ; like rivers which loſe their name and their celebrity when they mingle with the ocean.

If human nature could receive any partial exaltation, if a ſmall portion of the duſt of which we are all formed, could admit of any ſolid and durable diſtinction, who had a greater title to ſuch pre-eminence? Does not the perſon who now awfully enforces the vanity of human greatneſs, does not ſhe trace her origin to the remoteſt antiquity? Wherever I caſt my view I am ſurrounded and dazzled with the ſplendour which ſtreams from the crowns of England and of Scotland.

The Princeſs Henrietta, born, as it were, on a throne, poſſeſſed a mind ſuperior to her illuſtrious birth, a mind which the misfortunes of her family could not ſubdue. How frequently have we ſaid that Providence had ſnatched her from the enemies of her auguſt father to make a preſent of her to France? Precious and ineſtimable gift! if enduring poſſeſſion had accompanied a preſent of ſuch value. This melancholy recollection intrudes itſelf every where. No ſooner do we caſt our eyes on this illuſtrious perſonage, than the ſpectre Death ruſhes on our thoughts. Let me, however, recall to your mind, how ſhe grew up amidſt the wiſhes, the applauſe, and affection of a

whole kingdom: every year added to her perſonal attractions, and brought with it an acceſſion of mental accompliſhments. Her judgment in works of literature was clear and unerring; authors, when they met with her approbation, felicitated themſelves on having attained that point of perfection to which they aſpired. Hiſtory, to which her attention was particularly directed, ſhe uſed to call the counſellor of kings. In the hiſtoric page the greateſt monarchs aſſume no other rank than what they are entitled to by their virtues: degraded by the hand of Death, they enter, unattended by flatterers, this ſevere court of juſtice, to receive the awful judgment of poſterity. Here the gawdy colouring, which the harlot pencil of ſycophancy had applied, languiſhes and fades away. In this ſchool our young diſciple ſtudied the duties of thoſe perſons whoſe life forms the ground-work of hiſtory. This knowledge matured her youthful mind, and fenced it with a circumſpective prudence. "He that has no rule over his own ſpirit," ſays the Wiſe Man, "is like a city that is broken down and without walls." The object of our preſent admiration was exalted above this

weakneſs; nor intereſt, nor vanity, nor the enchantment of flattery, nor the perſuaſive voice of friendſhip, could allure the confided ſecret from her boſom. This characteriſtic feature entitled her to a confidence of the higheſt nature. Without preſuming to enter upon a ſubject which does not belong to this place, I may be allowed to ſay, that by the mediation of the ſiſter, ſome controverted points which lately exiſted between two great monarchs, were happily adjuſted. No ſooner had ſhe erected this monument to her fame, than ſhe was ſwept to the grave. Have I ventured amidſt this triumph of death to pronounce again the word fame? Let me hence forbear all pomp and ſplendour of expreſſion with which human arrogance dazzles and blinds herſelf for the purpoſe of not beholding her own nothingneſs! Let me rather entreat you to attend to the reflection of a profound reaſoner, not to the words of a philoſopher in the porch, or a monk in his cloiſter. I wiſh to humble the great by one whom the great revere; by one who was well acquainted with the vanity of greatneſs, and who uttered his obſervations from a throne. "Oh God," ſays the Pſalmiſt, "thou

haſt numbered my days!" Now whatever is numbered is finite, and whatever is born to end cannot be ſaid to be emancipated from that nothing to which it is deſtined ſo ſoon to return. While the hand of nature chains us to the ground, how can we hope to be exalted? Survey the various diſtinctions that elevate man, you will diſcover none ſo conſpicuous, ſo effective, ſo glittering, as the glory which encircles the laurels of a conqueror; and yet this conqueror muſt, in his turn, fall beneath the ſtroke of Death. Then will the conquered invite the triumphant hero to their ſociety: then from the tomb a voice will come to blaſt all human grandeur: "*Art thou become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?*"

Perhaps, as a ſupplement to the deficiency of power and fortune, the mental accompliſhments, expanſive thought, invention pregnant with great deſigns, may ſuffice to raiſe the poſſeſſor to eminence. Ah, truſt not to this flattering ſuggeſtion: the thoughts which have not God for their object belong to the domain of Death. Solomon compriſes amidſt the illuſions by which the human race are miſled, even

wiſdom! becauſe, encloſed within the pale of human wiſhes, ſhe buries herſelf in the duſt along with thoſe periſhable objects.

Have we not ſeen the great and exalted of this world fall frequent ſacrifices at the altar of God's vengeance for our inſtruction? And ſurely, if we ſtand in need of the impreſſions of ſurpriſe and terror to diſenchant us from our attachment to the world, the calamity with which we are now ſubdued, is ſufficiently awful! Oh ever memorable! oh diſaſtrous, oh terrific night! when conſternation reigned throughout the palace! when, like a burſt of thunder, a deſolating voice cried out, Henrietta is expiring, Henrietta is no more!—The uſual march of Death is by perceptible, but ſlow advances; in the preſent inſtance it was rapid as it was alarming. Did we not behold her in the morning attired with every grace, embelliſhed with every attraction, and in the evening did we not behold her as a faded flower! Let us then ſurvey her as Death preſents her to our view: yet even theſe mournful honours, with which ſhe is now encircled, will ſoon diſappear, ſhe will be deſpoiled of this melancholy decoration, and be conveyed into

the dread receptacle, the laſt ſombrous habitation, to ſleep in the duſt with annihilated kings; among whom it will be difficult to place her, ſo cloſely do the ranks preſs upon each other! ſo prompt, ſo indefatigable is Death in crowding this dreary vault with departed greatneſs. Yet even here our imagination deludes us; for this form, deſtitute of life, which ſtill retains the human reſemblance! the faint ſimilitude which ſtill lingers on the countenance, muſt undergo a change, and be turned into a terrific ſomething, for which no language has a name; ſo true it is, that every thing dies belonging to man; even (as Tertullian obſerves) thoſe funereal expreſſions which deſignate his remains. On a life which inevitably ends in ſuch a cataſtrophe, what ſplendid project can the fondeſt hope erect? Is then deſpair the lot of man? Amidſt this univerſal wreck is there no plank to lay hold of?—Here I behold another order of things ariſe; the cloud breaks, the gloom of death diſappears, a new ſcene burſts upon me, to which I beg leave to direct your attention.

PART THE SECOND.

Let us gratefully remember that God infuſes into our periſhable frame a ſpiritual power, which can acknowledge the truth of his exiſtence, adore the redundant plenitude of his perfections, rely on his goodneſs, fear his juſtice, and aſpire to his immortality. By the principle of analogy, as our material form ſhall return to its mother earth, ſo our ſpiritual part ſhall return unto its Creator. This, indeed, is a proud diſtinction which brings into contact and alliance the ſpiritual part of man, with the ſupreme and primitive greatneſs, God! Let then the wiſe man ſpeak with deriſion of every ſtate and condition of life, ſince, wherever we caſt our view, we behold the funereal gloom of death hovering over our brighteſt hours. Let the wiſe man equalize the fool and the ſage; let him even confound the lord of the earth with the beaſt of the field: for if we look at man, but through the medium of a coarſe corporeal eye, what do we behold in his fugitive exiſtence, but folly, ſolicitude, and diſappointment? and what do we behold in his death, but an expiring vapour,

or a machine whoſe ſprings are deranged, and which loſe the power of action? Do ye wiſh to ſave any thing from this total ruin? caſt your affection as an anchor on God! This our Chriſtian heroine eminently manifeſted during the period that immediately preceded her diſſolution. She beheld the approaches of Death with an undaunted eye. He came to demand of her youth, the reſidue of its years! of her beauty, the reſignation of its charms! of her high rank, the diſpoſſeſſion of its advantages! of her richly-cultivated mind, the ſpoliation of its acquirements! to all which ſhe meekly ſubmitted without a murmur. Far other reflections now poſſeſs her ſoul. She calls for the ſame crucifix, which the Queen, her mother, in her laſt moments bathed with her tears. She calls for the ſame crucifix, as if ſhe fondly hoped ſtill to find upon it the effuſion of her mother's piety: ſhe applied this ſignal of our ſalvation to her expiring lips: then did I hear her utter theſe affecting words, "Oh my God, why did I not always place my confidence in thee?" Ah! let the proud conqueror no longer engroſs our admiration; our heroine illuſtrates the truth of theſe words, "*He that ruleth his ſpirit is better*

than he that taketh a city." With a tranquillity almoſt amounting to ſatisfaction, ſhe reſigned herſelf to an unforeſeen and untimely death. What an attention did ſhe pay to the prayers that are offered up for the dying! which frequently (by ſome ſpiritual magic) ſuſpend the agonizing pains, and, what I have been often a witneſs to, charm away the terrors of death.

Have we not lamented that the opening flower was ſuddenly blaſted? that the picture, whoſe firſt warm touches excited ſuch expectation, was ſuddenly effaced? But I will no longer ſpeak this language; I will rather ſay that Death has put an end to thoſe perils, to which ſhe was in this life eminently expoſed. What dazzling attractions, what ſeductive flattery, would have aſſailed ſo elevated a ſituation? Would not ſucceſs have pampered her expectations, and adulation outran her deſire? And, to uſe the forcible expreſſion of an ancient hiſtorian, "ſhe would have been precipitated into the gulf of human grandeur.—*In ipſam gloriam præceps agebatur.*" TACITUS, *Vita Agric.*

Let us draw ſome ſalutary reflection from the ſcene that is now before us. Shall we wait till the dead ariſe, before we open our boſom to one ſerious thought? What this day

deſcends into the grave ſhould be ſufficient to awaken and alarm our lethargy. Could the Divine Providence bring nearer to our view, or more forcibly diſplay the vanity and emptineſs of human greatneſs? How incurable muſt be our blindneſs, if, as every day we approach nearer and nearer to the grave (and rather dying than living), we wait till the laſt moment before we admit that ſerious and important reflection which ought to have accompanied us through the whole courſe of our lives! If perſuaſion hung upon my lips, how earneſtly would I entreat you to begin from this hour to deſpiſe the ſmiles of fortune, and the favours of this tranſitory world! And whenever you ſhall enter thoſe auguſt habitations, thoſe ſumptuous palaces which received an additional luſtre from the perſonage we now lament; when you ſhall caſt your eyes around thoſe ſplendid apartments, and find their better ornament wanting! then remember that the exalted ſtation ſhe held, that the accompliſhments and attractions ſhe was known to poſſeſs, augmented the dangers to which ſhe was expoſed in this world, and now form the ſubject of a rigorous inveſtigation in the other.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

LOUIS OF BOURBON, PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

LOUIS BOURBON, Prince of Condé, was born on the 8th of September 1621. His ſtudies were directed by the Jeſuits. His military ardour broke forth early in life, and ſuperſeded every other object. At the age of eighteen he ſerved as a volunteer at the celebrated ſiege of Arras, where he gave the firſt ſignal proofs of that courage for which he was afterwards ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed. In 1640 he married the niece of the Cardinal Richelieu. This marriage, which adminiſtered to the ambition of the aſpiring prelate, did not contribute to the happineſs of the young devoted bridegroom.

Being in 1643 appointed commander in chief, he aſcended with gigantic ſteps (through a ſucceſſion of victories) the ſummit of re-

nown. His great merit, however, did not ſhield him from the ſuſpicious nature of Mazarin; for ſoon after he had ſubdued the Pariſian inſurgents, his own deſtruction was the object of the ſubtle Italian, who procured an order (under various pretences) for the impriſonment of the Prince of Condé, of his brother the Prince of Conti, and of his brother-in-law the Duke of Longueville.

The Prince of Condé endured this indignity with that calm fortitude which he ſo eminently poſſeſſed upon every trial. His brother, unequal to this ſudden reverſe of fortune, ſunk under it; and having deſired to be provided with a religious book, entitled, The Imitation of Chriſt, the Prince is reported to have archly ſaid, "I beg I may be provided with the Imitation of Beaufort, that I may learn the manner of his eſcaping from his confinement two years ago." The illuſtrious priſoner frequently amuſed himſelf with working in the garden of the caſtle; a circumſtance which called from the pen of Mademoiſelle de Scudery theſe lines, the beſt perhaps ſhe ever wrote:

En voyant ces œillets qu'un illuſtre guerrier
Arroſa d'une main qui gagna les batailles,
Souviens-toi qu' Apollon batiſſoit des murailles
Et ne t'etonne pas que Mars ſoit jardinier.

At the expiration of thirteen months he was ſet at liberty, in conſequence of the repeated and preſſing ſolicitations of the Parliament. It was during this confinement that, taking counſel from revenge, he formed thoſe reſolutions, and meditated upon that ſcheme, which proved ſo fatal to his country. It is to be preſumed that ſuch were the workings of his mind (at that time), from what he was often heard to ſay, "*that he went into priſon the moſt innocent of men, and came out the moſt guilty.*" The firſt indication he diſcovered of his adverſe intention towards the government was when he aſſiſted at the meeting of the Parliament, where Brouſſel, a turbulent man, propoſed ſeveral things that had a tendency to faction: at the concluſion of Brouſſel's ſpeech, a confuſed murmur of approbation was heard, upon which the Prince of Condé exclaimed, *Voila un bel echo!* Not long after he threw off the maſk, and we find him in Guienne at the head of the inſurgents, where not meeting with

that ſucceſs his ardent preſumption had led him to expect, he entered the Spaniſh ſervice, and at length terminated his rebellious career (as the Cardinal of Retz obſerves) at the goal of loyalty. Having obtained his pardon, he ever after manifeſted a warm and active attachment to his ſovereign and his country. He died at Fontainbleau, in his ſixty-fifth year, on the 11th of December 1686.

The following diſcourſe was delivered on the 10th of March 1687, in the cathedral at Paris.

The ſplendid cenotaph erected on the occaſion, diſplayed at once the magnificence of art, and the ſumptuous invention of Perrault, and has been ever ſince the model for funereal decoration. It was ſuppoſed to have coſt a hundred thouſand livres.

Bourdaloue alſo pronounced the panegyric of the great Condé: but the unimpaſſioned didactic ſtyle of the celebrated Jeſuit was ill adapted to encomiaſtic compoſition. The cloſe, however, of his diſcourſe is warm and animated. The incident of the Prince's having requeſted, in his laſt moments, that his heart ſhould be depoſited in the church belonging to

the Jeſuits, calls from the orator this fervid effuſion of gratitude:

"Yes! we will be the faithful guardians of this ſacred depoſite: your requeſt, O Prince, we will reſpectfully and affectionately perform. The heart of each individual of our order will be a living mauſoleum, in which yours ſhall be inurned! The ſolemn engagement we now contract, will be held in veneration from one extremity of the earth to the other: in the old and in the new world will be found hearts glowing with gratitude for the obligations conferred upon our ſociety by the illuſtrious Prince of Condé!"

*** The ſame free manner of tranſlating is obſerved in the following, as well as in the preceding diſcourſe, wherever the ſame motives occur.

THE

FUNERAL ORATION

ON

LOUIS OF BOURBON, PRINCE OF CONDÉ.

WHEN I conſider that the diſcourſe I am entering upon is to celebrate that ever dear and reſplendent name, *Louis of Bourbon, Prince of Condé,* I am at once overpowered by the magnificence of the ſubject and its inutility: for where is that diſtant and obſcure corner of the earth to which his renown is not become familiar? What I ſhall offer this day to your attention, I am conſcious will not riſe to the demands of your gratitude, nor fill the graſp of your expectation. Feeble orators as we are, we cannot diffuſe any additional luſtre over thoſe rare and diſtinguiſhed perſonages, whom nature hath ſelected and highly privileged. The Wiſe Man, therefore, ſays with his accuſtomed ſagacity, "*Let their own works praiſe them.*" The panegyriſt, like a timid

" inexperienced ſtatuary, recoils from the laborious taſk of faſhioning a coloſſal figure." A faithful unadorned narrative would beſt diſplay the features of our hero's mind: hiſtory muſt perform that taſk, and move the admiration of poſterity by a ſimple recital of his actions. We will in the mean time endeavour to comply with the requeſt of a grateful public, and with the orders of an illuſtrious monarch. What a deep ſenſe of obligation ſhould we not entertain for a Prince, who has not only flung a new ſplendour round the throne and exalted the French name, but who does honour to the preſent age, and who ennobles even human nature!

The illuſtrious monarch to whom I lately alluded, hath ſummoned to this venerable temple the moſt diſtinguiſhed and auguſt perſonages of the kingdom, to pay their united homage to the memory of our departed hero: he hath alſo ordained that I ſhould lend my feeble voice to this funereal exhibition, to theſe rites of ſorrow. A reflection (more worthy of this hallowed place) now occupies my mind, which is, that God alone forms the ſoul of the conqueror. The Pſalmiſt ſays, " *Bleſſed is the*

Lord my ſtrength, which teacheth my hands to war." If valour is breathed into him by the Almighty Power, his other attributes are no leſs derived from the ſame inexhauſtible ſource. We ſhould learn to diſcriminate thoſe gifts which the Omnipotent Hand diſperſes among the wicked, and thoſe which are imparted to the virtuous. The great diſtinguiſhed gift of God is a ſenſe of religion: without this inеſtimable gift, what would have availed to the eminent perſonage whoſe loſs we now deplore, all the amiable attributes of his heart, or all the ſublime energies of his mind? Had not religion conſecrated the rare qualities which adorned his character, the auguſt perſonages now preſent would not have found amidſt their ſorrow any conſoling reflection: the venerable prelate would perform, devoid of hope, his awful miniſtry, and I ſhould look in vain for any baſis on which I might erect the ſtructure of his fame. Let then human glory vaniſh as a tranſient meteor! and let me at this altar boldly ſacrifice the idol of ambition! I ſhould wiſh to bring together in one collected view his ſuperior qualities, his valour, his magnanimity, his amiableneſs, with all the requi-

ſites peculiar to genius, eagle-eyed ſagacity, invention, ſublimity. This aſſemblage, this conſtellation of excellencies, would be nothing more than a bright phantom, were not thoſe excellencies conſecrated by religion.

God hath revealed to us, that he appoints the conquerors who are to ſubdue the world, and makes their conqueſts ſubſervient to his deſigns. Was not the ſplendid deſignation of Cyrus made known two hundred years before his birth? Was not Alexander predicted in the moſt figurative manner, as coming from the Weſt, "on the face of the whole earth, and not touching the ground;" like an Alpine deer, whoſe every movement is a bound; and whoſe rapid progreſs is not delayed by rugged acclivities, by rolling torrents, by gaping chaſms, or by precipitous deſcents. The Perſian monarch is already ſubdued. He ran unto him, ſays the prophet, *in the fury of his power. He caſt him down to the ground, and ſtamped upon him.* Do we not behold in this metaphoric repreſentation the ſemblance of our hero, blended with that of Alexander? Heaven, no doubt, ſent him forth endowed with every martial accompliſhment, to ſave his country. It

was at the age of twenty-two that the comprehenſive mind of our warrior conceived a deſign of ſuch a magnitude, that the moſt experienced commanders recoiled at the propoſal, but which victory ſanctioned before the walls of Rocroy! The enemy brought into the field the hardy veteran bands of Walloons, Spaniards, and Italians, who till that hour were unacquainted with defeat, and whom renown had proclaimed invincible. Among our troops an uncommon intrepidity diffuſed itſelf, kindled as it were at the ſight of our heroic youth, on whoſe eloquent and preſageful eye victory ſat enthroned! The renowned Don Franciſco de Mellos waited with undaunted brow for the approach of our army. Our heroic youth, inflamed with ſo vaſt an object, and impatient of celebrity, revealed at once the whole ſplendid energy of his mind. Yet then tranquillity, that faithful attendant on true greatneſs, poſſeſſed his ſoul: on the night preceding the important day, he is known to have reſigned himſelf to reſt with all the unruffled calmneſs of a ſleeping infant. But now the eventful hour is come. Behold him haſtening from rank to rank, diffuſing his own ardour where-

ever he flies. Such was his activity, as if ſeveral Condés were in the field! Here was he ſeen forcing the right wing of the enemy, there ſupporting and encouraging our right that had given way: in one place ſpreading terror, in another reanimating defeat. The formidable Spaniſh infantry remained ſtill unſubdued, which ſeparating into ſeveral cloſe-compacted battalions, ſtood like towers amidſt the general ruin. Three times did our heroic youth, collecting his full force, ruſh on theſe intrepid combatants, and every time met with a repulſe. The valiant Spaniard, the Count de Fuentes, diſplayed under the preſſure of illneſs the moſt unconquerable mind: conveyed in a litter from danger to danger, he breathed defiance: but the efforts of this ſuperior energy were doomed to prove ineffectual. In vain did the celebrated Bek, burſting from a wood, attempt, with his daring cavalry, to ſurpriſe our exhauſted troops: our young commander, with a preventive wiſdom, a prophetic caution, placed a ſelect body of his men in a poſition ready to reſiſt this onſet. The foremoſt ranks of the enemy, finding themſelves enveloped, threw down their arms and implored our mercy:

while our Prince was haſtening to receive their ſubmiſſion, the other part of the hoſtile army, not adverting to the ſurrender of the advanced battalions (or inſtigated by whatever motive), diſcharged on our men the whole thunder of their artillery, which ſo incenſed, ſo infuriated our troops, that an unutterable carnage enſued, till our hero, exerting every effort to calm the maddening rage of his ſoldiers, added to the pride of conqueſt the more ſoothing ſatisfaction of forgiveneſs.

The valiant Count de Fuentes now became the object of his humane anxiety, but he was found expiring amidſt the thouſands who were dying and bleeding round him!

On this tremendous field our virtuous youth with bended knee dedicated to the great Diſpoſer of events the glory of the day. The ſecurity of Rocroy, the degraded menaces of a formidable enemy, the regency now ſtanding on an immoveable baſis, were the topics of this exulting day, to which was added the preſentiment of the luſtre that was to accompany a future reign, which preſentiment was ſanctioned as it were under the auſpices of ſo glorious a commencement. Univerſal fame

pronounced with admiration the name of our heroic youth! This military eſſay (as it might be denominated), which would have thrown an ample luſtre round any other perſon, was to him only the preluding dawn of that meridian ſplendour which afterwards illumed the horizon! After this great achievement, when he returned to his court, ſuch was the delicacy, or rather the greatneſs of his mind, that, indocil to the voice of flattery, he received the applauſes to which he was ſo entitled with a reluctant ear. Germany now demands his preſence, to which place you muſt direct your attention; where you will behold the moſt formidable preparations; where the ſcience of war (by multiplying her inventions, and by exerting her utmoſt efforts) is going to ſummon the abilities of our hero to the ſevereſt trial. The local ſcenery is preſent to my view! In the fore-ground riſes a tremendous mountain; on one ſide of which are ſeen hideous chaſms, and precipitous deſcents! on the other an impenetrable foreſt ſtanding on a marſhy ground. To impede the march of our army, ſeveral forts are erected, and bodies of trees of immenſe form are thrown acroſs the roads, aug-

menting at once the difficulty of progreſs, and terror of ſituation. Behind the foreſt the intrepid Merci ſtands entrenched with his Bavarian troops—Merci, who never was known to make a retrogreſſive motion: whom the circumſpective Turenne never detected in an irregular movement; in whoſe commendation Condé united with Turenne, and who frequently was heard to ſay that Merci never loſt the fleeting occaſion of a favourable moment, and that he entered into their plans with ſuch a pervading wiſdom, as would almoſt lead them to think he had aſſiſted at their councils. In the ſpace of eight days four obſtinate actions took place, in which were at once diſplayed the moſt impetuous attack, and the moſt determined reſiſtance. Our troops had to ſtruggle with the difficulties and perils attending their poſition, as well as with the valour of the enemy. Condé was for ſome time under the apprehenſion of being deſerted: but, like another Maccabæus, his own arm did not deſert him, and his adventurous ſpirit, irritated by ſo many obſtacles, ſurmounted them all. He led the way on foot up the ſevere aſcent, and having, with a perſevering

fortitude, laboured to the ſummit of the mountain, his own ardour accompliſhed the reſt. Merci foreſaw his own defeat; the advanced part of his army is ſuddenly vanquiſhed, and the veil of night ſecures the remainder. I muſt not omit to ſay, that a heavy inceſſant rain fell during this memorable action, ſo that our hero had not only to climb a ſteep and rugged mountain, not only to combat a moſt formidable enemy, but even to contend with the warring elements!

This victory lengthened out its effects to diſtant places: behold! Wormes, Spire, Mayence, Landau, throw open their gates. Aſtoniſhed Europe ſaw our warrior at the early age of twenty-ſix obtain this immortal victory! The ſpeed of execution allowed not ſufficient time to the enemy to traverſe his plans: this is the characteriſtic feature of a great commander. Swifter than eagles, bolder than lions, are the comprehenſive alluſions of David to the two celebrated warriors whoſe death he ſo forcibly laments: out of this compound imagery equally riſes the characteriſtic form of our illuſtrious countryman. He was preſent at every ſcene, foremoſt in every peril, and as he

flew from place to place it ſeemed as if he multiplied himſelf, ſuch was his velocity! the more rapidly he plunged into the ſcene of action, the more he ſeemed protected by the ſhield of Heaven.

It is now with extreme reluctance that I advert to that unfortunate period of his life when he was a ſtate priſoner. I will venture to repeat, even before that ſacred altar, the words which I once heard him pronounce, which indicate the workings of a loyal heart. He obſerved to me, that he was perfectly innocent on the day he entered his priſon, and exceedingly criminal on the day he was ſet at liberty. In the ſmall compaſs of theſe few expreſſive words, are contained his ſelf-reproaches, and the cauſe and the extent of his error. But I will throw a veil over the exceptionable part of his conduct, and will only obſerve that where a crime in ſubſequent ſignal ſervices is ſo illuſtriouſly loſt, nothing ſhould be recalled but the generous acknowledgment of the offender, and the clemency of the offended.

In his firſt campaigns he had but one life to offer to his ſovereign and his ſtate; now he leads his ſon into the field, and there illuſ-

trates by the energy of example, the precepts he had inculcated in the cabinet. I omit dwelling on the paſſage of the Rhine, that miracle of our Sovereign, and the ſtupendous tranſaction of the age! in order to carry your attention to the young warrior in the battle of Senef, in which he ſaw his father fall, and beheld him ſtruggling under his wounded horſe, and covered with blood: he wades through every danger to his aſſiſtance; and, while he is raiſing him from the ground, receives a wound! happy to have ſerved at the ſame moment the cauſe of glory, and of filial piety! The Prince of Condé, from that hour, entertained for his ſon an increaſed affection. But his affection was not confined within the pale of his family and relatives. It reached the circle of his friends, it reached the misfortunes of his diſtant acquaintance, it reached the whole human race. Far from my lips be the elogium of a conqueror devoid of humanity! When God firſt formed the heart of man, he placed benevolence there as the characteriſtic of the Divine nature. Benevolence then ought to be the moſt active principle of our heart; the charm of the moſt powerful attraction towards our neighbour. The ſplendour of birth, the acceſ-

ſion of riches, far from depreſſing this active principle, will enable it the better to communicate itſelf; as a public fountain which the more it is elevated, the more eaſily can the ſtream be diffuſed. They to whoſe boſom benevolent communication is a ſtranger, are puniſhed for their diſdainful inſenſibility, being deprived of the gratification ariſing from mutual intercourſe. Never was there a man whoſe compliant elegance of manners was better adapted to general ſociety. Is this the conqueror who laid towns in aſhes, and whoſe approach was announced by terror? Behold him mild, beneficent, cheerful, complacent, and yielding to every perſon: ſo the ſame river, which, rolling down ſome eminence, ſwells and enrages at every obſtacle, approaches the precincts of a town with a calm and equal flow, and then diffuſing its courſe into various channels, communicates health and refreſhment to every manſion.

Let us now advert to the genius peculiar to the military department. As the art of war, ſo fatal to the human race, demands the moſt comprehenſive capacity, let us examine his claims to that ſuperior excellence. We have

already obſerved that he was renowned for his preventive wiſdom; one of his maxims was, that we ſhould fear an enemy at a diſtance, and rejoice when he approaches: another maxim of his was, that an able general may be defeated; but he ſhould never be taken by ſurpriſe. To this principle he perpetually directed his attention. At whatever hour, from whatever quarter the enemy appeared, they found him upon his guard, as if he was expecting them. So an eagle ſailing through the air, or ſtationed on a lofty rock, ſends his excurſive brilliant eye around, eager to behold and ruſh upon his prey. Though nature had endowed him with her beſt gifts, he ſtill ſupplied and enriched his mind with ſtudy and reflection. He inveſtigated Cæſar's military ſtations with a peculiar attention: I remember how accurately he pointed out to us one day, the ſpot on which, by the advantage only of ſituation, Cæſar compelled five Roman legions, commanded by two experienced generals, to lay down their arms, without ſtriking a blow. He had formerly examined every river and mountain which had co-operated to the completion of ſo great a plan. Never did

a profeſſor read ſo learned a lecture on the *Commentaries*. The leaders of armies yet unborn will pay the ſame honours to the modern Cæſar. They will wander over with peculiar delight the plains, the eminences, the vallies, the foreſts, which ſerved, as it were, as ſo many theatres for the warlike exhibitions of our conqueror. It was obſerved by thoſe who accompanied him to the wars, and who approached his perſon in the field, that in the ardour of combat, in the imminent moment to which victory had affixed her only hope, he poſſeſſed an uncommon tranquillity. At another time he was docile to ſuggeſtion, and ſubmiſſive to counſel: but now illumination flaſhing on his mind, unembarraſſed by a multiplicity of preſſing objects; he ſeizes his plan, and enforces it with his own perſonal intrepidity! On that day of terror, when at the gates of the town, in view of all its inhabitants, when he was oppoſed by an expert general at the head of his ſelect troops; at that hour, when he ſeemed to be abandoned by capricious fortune, they who were fighting at his ſide have aſſured me, that had they any important buſineſs to confer with him upon, they would have ap-

pointed for the time of their diſcuſſion the moments when he was ſurrounded by danger and deſtruction: ſo calm, ſo unruffled, was his exalted mind! like a high mountain, whoſe aſpiring ſummit, piercing the clouds and midway-ſtorm, remains inveſted with a ſplendid ſerenity.

It was reſerved for theſe eventful times to bring to our view at the ſame period Condé and Turenne! now commanding ſeparate diviſions, now acting in conjunction. What boldneſs of execution! what prophetic ſagacity! what perils! what reſources! Were there ever ſeen two men of ſuch a correſponding genius, ſtamped with ſuch a diverſity of character? One appeared to act by the ſlow impulſe of profound reflection, the other by the ſudden influx of illumination. One no ſooner entered the field, than he excited the idea of the higheſt valour, and awakened expectation; yet leiſurely advancing to the object in view, he gradually attained the ſummit of fame! And on a memorable day, prodigal of ſafety, and profuſe, as it were, of life, we know how illuſtriouſly he fell! The other, impelled by an ardent inſtinctive intelligence, pregnant of in-

ſpiration, rivalled in the opening of his firſt campaign the achievements of experienced commanders. One, confiding in the reſources of his inventive courage, challenged the moſt imminent danger, and turned even to his advantage the caprices of fortune. The other, by the prerogative of a ſublime mind, and of a certain myſterious, infallible perception (the ſecret of which was unknown to other men), ſeemed born to control chance, and, as it were, to ſubjugate deſtiny.

Such are the characters which the world ſometimes diſplays, when God (for the purpoſe of revealing his own power or wiſdom) ordains eminent perſonages to aſcend the ſcene. Say, do his divine attributes appear more illuſtrious in the wonderful creation of the expanded ſky, than in thoſe men on whom he confers ſuch ſplendid intellectual endowments? What ſtar in the firmament glows with more luſtre than Condé among the exalted characters of Europe? It was not, however, to the art of war alone, that he owes his celebrity. His comprehenſive mind embraced every other ſcience: with the works of literature, and with the authors, he was equally acquainted: and they ac-

knowledged that they never quitted his ſociety without carrying with them a portion of his communicated wiſdom, without being informed by his judicious reflections and pregnant queſtions, and without being illumined by the coruſcations that flaſhed from his vivid imagination. Theſe intellectual powers, flowing from the fountain of wiſdom, demand our eſteem. Yet, to humble the pride of man, we ſee theſe mental diſtinctions beſtowed by God even on thoſe who were deprived of the knowledge of religion. Need I pronounce the names of Marcus Aurelius? of Scipio? of Cæſar? of Alexander? Theſe illuſtrious perſonages were called into exiſtence to illuminate ſociety, as the ſun was planted in the firmament to illuminate the world. Who does not admire the meridian glory of that ſplendid orb? Who is not delighted with the orient colours which adorn his riſing, and with the gorgeous clouds and majeſtic pageantry that dignify his decline? So are renowned perſonages, thoſe mental luminaries, ordained to ſhine forth for the purpoſe of decorating the moral world! Alexander, whoſe object was celebrity, tranſcended the boundary of his utmoſt wiſhes. A

kind of glorious fatality attended this conqueror. He glides into every panegyric, and no military genius can receive the crown of honour due to his memory without enwreathing it with the name of Alexander. If a remuneration formerly were due to the proweſs of the Romans, God rewarded that proweſs by giving them the empire of the world, as a preſent of no value: a preſent which does not actually reach them, becauſe it is now contracted and ſhrunk to a renown, which lives on their medals and mutilated ſtatues dug from a pile of ruins! a renown which lives on their monuments mouldering at the touch of time! a renown that is affixed to their idea, to their ſhadow, to that airy nothing their name! Behold, ye powers of the earth, O kings! O conquerors! the reward that attends the labours of your ambition: graſp to your boſom, if you can, this glorious phantom; ſhe will deceive your expectation, and mock your wiſhes even in the hour of poſſeſſion. From the purſuit of this phantom our warlike Prince diverts his courſe: no longer now the ardent warrior in the noiſy chaſe of ambition, he treads the walk of the obſcure virtues, and of the retired graces of

religion. The humble duties of domeſtic life, the government of your family, the edification given to your ſervants, acts of juſtice and indulgence to your dependants, attention, charity, conſolation given to the ſimple inhabitants of the cottages which ſurround your manſion; theſe lowly virtues will one day be lifted high, and will at the laſt day be exalted by the Saviour of the world, in the preſence of angels and of his Father.

Without waiting for the approach of illneſs, or the warning of caducity, Condé now dedicates his hours to religious reflections: an enlightened monk attends him in his receſs: with this pious monitor he peruſes the ſacred page, and drinks at the fountain of true knowledge. Would to God that they who are now liſtening to this diſcourſe would imitate his example! How improvident to wait till you are languiſhing on the couch of death! How improvident to delay the duties of religion, till, freezing under the cold touch of diſſolution, you ſcarcely can be reckoned among the living! The mind of our pious hero being ſtrengthened by this preparatory diſcipline, he was equal to the laſt conflict. When the fatal

time drew near, and he was informed of the approaching moment, after a ſhort pauſe, he cried out in the moſt energetic manner, "*Thy will, O God! be done: O give me grace to die the death of the juſt.*" From that moment he appeared as in the day of battle, occupied but not ruffled, intent but not alarmed, reſolute but calm: and he looked upon death with an equal eye, whether it preſented itſelf in the languid form of diſeaſe, or whether it ruſhed on his view in the midſt of combat clothed with terror.

Religion now claims his laſt thoughts, and takes entire poſſeſſion of his mind. As the miniſters of the altar drew near, he cried out with an impreſſive voice, "*Theſe are my true phyſicians.*" While they recited the prayers of the dying, he liſtened with an awful and ſubmiſſive expectation. In theſe pathetic prayers and agonizing exclamations, our holy mother the church ſeems to ſuffer the pangs of labour, and endure the painful anxieties of a parent in bringing forth her children to celeſtial birth. Now calling his confeſſor, he ſolemnly atteſted that he had ever adhered to the belief of the Chriſtian doctrine: he added, that his

belief was now attended with a ſtronger conviction, and he cried out with a rapturous confidence, "Yes, I ſhall behold my God face to face." It ſeemed as if he was ſuddenly illuminated, as if a celeſtial ray had in a moment pierced the cloud of ignorance, and (if I may be allowed to ſay) the awful obſcurity that hangs over our faith. At the dawn of ſuch a pure ineffable light, did not the phantoms of this world recede? How dim now appears the ſplendour of victory! how contemptible the pride of deſcent! how trifling the majeſty of grandeur! how puerile, how infantine the ſerious toils and purſuits of life! Let me then ſummon to this mournful ſolemnity, perſons of every rank and profeſſion! Draw near, ye great! ye humble! ye rich! ye poor! and chiefly ye, oh illuſtrious progeny of the Houſe of Bourbon! draw near, and behold all that remains of a birth ſo exalted, of a renown ſo extenſive, of a glory ſo brilliant! See all that ſumptuouſneſs can perform to celebrate the hero! Mark the titles, the inſcriptions, ſhe has flung around! vain indications of an exiſtence that is not now to be found! Mark thoſe ſculptured images, that, ſorrowfully bending

round yon monument, appear to weep! mark thoſe aſpiring columns which magnificently atteſt our nothingneſs! Amidſt this waſte of decoration, this profuſion of honours, nothing is wanting but the perſon to whom they are dedicated! Let us then lament our frail and fugitive exiſtence, while we perform the rites of a fickly immortality to the memory of our departed hero.—I now addreſs myſelf particularly to thoſe who are advancing in the ſame career of military glory. Approach and bewail your great commander. I can almoſt perſuade myſelf that I hear you ſay, "Is he then no more our intrepid chief, who through the rugged paths of danger led us often to victory? His name, the only part of him that remains, is all-ſufficient to goad us on to future exertions: his departed ſpirit now whiſpers to our ſoul this ſacred admonition, that if we hope to obtain at our death the reward of our labours, we muſt ſerve our God as well as we ſerve our earthly ſovereign." Enter then into the ſervice of your God, the great remunerator! who, in the prodigality of his indulgence, will eſtimate higher one pious ſigh, or a drop of water given in his name, than the ſovereigns

of the earth will prize the ſacrifice of your lives in their ſervice. Will not they alſo approach this mournful monument, they who were united to him by the ſacred bond of friendſhip? Draw near, ye companions of his ſocial hour; pay homage to the memory of your aſſociate, whoſe goodneſs of heart equalled its intrepidity; and let his death be at once the object of your ſorrow, of your conſolation, and of your example. As for me, if I may be permitted in my turn to deliver the ſentiments of my affection, I ſhould ſay, O thou illuſtrious theme of my encomium and of my regret! thou ſhalt ever claim a place in my grateful recollection: the image, however, which is there engraved, is not impreſſed with that daring eye which foretells victory: for I will behold nothing in you that death effaces: but on this image ſhall be found the features of immortality. The image preſents itſelf as I beheld you on the hour of diſſolution, when the glories of the celeſtial abode ſeemed to burſt upon you. Yes! at that moment, even on the couch of languor, did I behold you more triumphant than in the plains of Fribourg and Rocroy! So true it is what the

beloved diſciple ſays: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Enjoy, O Prince! this victory, and let it be the eternal object of your triumph, which you have obtained through the mediation of a crucified Saviour. Indulge the cloſing accents of a voice which was not unknown to you. Theſe lips which have pronounced ſo many funeral diſcourſes ſhall now be ſilent. My encomiums on departed greatneſs ſhall terminate with you: inſtead of deploring the death of others, I will labour to make my own reſemble yours: and fortunate will it be for me, if, taking warning from theſe white hairs, I devote myſelf excluſively to the duties of my epiſcopal function, and reſerve for my flock (whom I ought to feed with the words of life) the glimmering of an ardour that is almoſt extinguiſhed, and the faint efforts of a voice that is expiring.

OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE OTHER FUNERAL ORATIONS OF THE BISHOP OF MEAUX.

HENRIETTA, the conſort of Charles the Firſt, was a ſubject worthy of the greateſt talents, a ſubject the moſt dramatic and eventful—a rebellion crowned with victory! a fugitive Queen! a monarch bleeding on the ſcaffold! Yet the genius of Boſſuet, operating upon ſuch magnificent materials, has not erected that ſtructure which the occaſion required. He appears to have ſhrunk with awe from the tremendous ſcene. He declines drawing from the boſom of the terrific ſtory thoſe deſcriptions, thoſe warnings, thoſe enforcements which the ſubject demanded. He ſeems cautious of diſplaying to full view a ſcene to an audience, who were then happily not prepared to receive ſo awful a leſſon. Under this reſtraint, he digreſſes into topics not the moſt intereſting. He paſſes from the

juſt encomium on the Queen's protection of the perſecuted Catholics, to the conſideration of hereſy, a name induſtriouſly given by ſeveral Catholic theologians to every departure from the additions impoſed upon the Chriſtian doctrine. He ventures to predict the fall of the eſtabliſhed religion in England: "*J'oſe croire que les jours d'aveuglement ſont écoulés.*" "I am confident that the dark day of hereſy is expiring." *Heu vatum ignaræ mentes!* This religion, which was ſaid to be expiring, was then like a cedar on Lebanon, deep-rooted on the ſacred mount; and was deſtined on ſome future day to wave her protecting branches over the ruins of the Gallican church.

But as the genius of Boſſuet could not paſs by without leaving traces of its paſſage, we find in this diſcourſe ſome parts impreſſed with the ſeal of eloquence. The character of Cromwell is happily delineated in the following lines:

"A man endowed with an uncommon depth of thought, now enters on the buſy ſcene, equally illuſtrious for a refined hypocriſy, as for a political ſagacity. Adequate to the moſt hazardous enterpriſe, he threw

round his deſigns the dark veil of ſecrecy. Active and indefatigable in peace or in war, his preventive wiſdom diverted the courſe of chance. Vigilant of opportunity, he ſprung upon every favourable incident, and appeared to be one of thoſe turbulent and daring ſpirits who are deſtined to ſubjugate the world. He poſſeſſed the ſecret charm of cementing the various ſects with which England was overſpread, and with a magical touch he conſolidated the diſcordant parts of that heterogeneous aſſemblage, into one powerful, irreſiſtible maſs."

In adverting to the dignified manlineſs which accompanied Charles the Firſt through the laſt ſcenes of his life, he ſays, "Purſued by the unrelenting malignity of fortune, abandoned, betrayed, defeated, he never abandoned himſelf. His mind roſe ſuperior to the victorious ſtandard of the enemy. Humane and magnanimous in the moment of victory, he was great and dignified in the hour of adverſity. This is the image, the characteriſtic form which preſents itſelf to my view, when I behold him at his trial and on the ſcaffold. Oh thou auguſt and unfortunate Queen! I know that I

am gratifying thy tender affection, while I conſecrate theſe few words to his memory: that heart which never beat but for him, awakens even under the pall of death, and reſumes its palpitating ſenſibility at the name of ſo endeared a huſband."

The eloquent Prelate having dwelled upon her animated exertions in favour of the royal cauſe, proceeds in the following manner:

"Queen! conſort! mother! oh deſerving of a better fate! were the ſplendours of this world worthy of your attention? With an ardent enduring zeal you have long upheld the falling monarchy! It now remains that you ſtand immoveable, encircled with its ruins; like a column (once the proud ornament and ſupport of a temple), which lifts its ſacred head amidſt the havock of the craſhing edifice."

MARIA Thereſa of Auſtria, Queen of France, died in 1683. In the elogium conſecrated to her memory, which was delivered at St. Denis, we find nothing of a ſuperior eloquence: indeed the calm and equable tenour,

though of exalted life, flowing through domeſtic duties, offers little to the ſurvey of an ambitious orator. The ſubject, however, made an opening for the introduction of ſeveral exaggerated compliments to the living monarch. Boſſuet, throughout his extenſive literary labours, never fails when he meets with an occaſion of offering to Louis the incenſe of adulation, with an unſparing hand. Accordingly he ſays in this diſcourſe—

"Providence raiſed the Queen by an auguſt birth to an auguſt union, in order that we might behold her exalted above her ſex, by being loved, eſteemed, and, alas! too ſoon regretted by the greateſt of men"—*par le plus grand de tous les hommes.*

THE uneventful life of Ann, the Princeſs Palatine of Cleves, forms too thin a texture to imbibe any rich colouring. The eloquent Prelate, undoubtedly conſcious of this defect, adapts his diſcourſe to the mind and to the profeſſion of his audience, the Carmelite Nuns! The moſt remarkable incidents in the life of

the Princeſs Palatine are, her paſſing from a ſtrong adherence to the Catholic faith to a total diſbelief of the Chriſtian doctrine, and her returning from that moſt unfortunate ſtate of mind to her ancient belief. The Princeſs aſſigns the cauſe of her converſion to a miraculous interpoſition, by the means of an allegoric dream. This reverie of a heated imagination, the learned Prelate does not heſitate to hold up as a manifeſtation of divine interference. A mind free from the ſhackles of monaſtic credulity will receive little gratification from this diſcourſe, which, however, contains ſome faint indications of genius, like thunder rolling at a diſtance.

IN the diſcourſe on the celebrated Chancellor Le Tellier, the orator aſſumes a more dignified form of eloquence. He retraces the path of a long laborious life, accompanied by the ſtricteſt integrity. He points out the difficulties Le Tellier had to encounter, the claſhing opinions he had to conciliate, and the menaces as well as the advantages he had to deſpiſe.

Yet in this life of reſplendent integrity, in this brilliant, we are ſorry to diſcover a flaw. Le Tellier cloſes his career with an act of perſecuting tyranny. That hand, which, through a length of years, had never ſigned but the decrees of the moſt immaculate juſtice! that hand, benumbed by age, and now cold at the approach of death, ſigns the *fatal revocation.*

It is with a painful admiration that we find the illuſtrious Prelate giving a full and unreſtrained applauſe to this act of intolerance, in the following declaration:

Epanchons nos cœurs ſur la pieté de Louis—"Let me indulge the movement of my heart, and dwell on the piety of our monarch. Let me raiſe to Heaven my applauding voice; let me addreſs this new Conſtantine, this new Theodoſius, this other Marcian, this other Charlemagne, in the words with which the ſix hundred and thirty fathers expreſſed their ſentiments to the Emperor at the Council of Chalcedon—*You have ſtrengthened the faith, you have exterminated the heretics; it is the moſt meritorious act of your reign. King of Heaven! preſerve the king of the earth! It is the ardent deſire*

of the church, it is the ardent deſire of the aſſembly of her Paſtors and of her Biſhops."

From this unmitigated, intolerant language, and from a Prelate of ſo comprehenſive a mind, of a conduct ſo unimpeachably moral, and of feelings naturally prone to humanity, we turn away with a melancholy impreſſion. There is not an emigrant Prelate among us, we are well aſſured, who would ſubſcribe to the exterminating creed of the great Boſſuet. Theſe illuſtrious exiles receive that reſpect their merit demands. We behold their purity of manners, we acknowledge their learning, we pay homage to that apoſtolic courage with which they have ſacrificed their former ſplendid ſituation at the ſhrine of Adverſity. To theſe highly-honoured characteriſtics, we cannot refrain from wiſhing that they would add an acquaintance with the works of our eminent divines: that, waving the prerogative of antiquity, they would diſcriminate between the vital and uneſſential parts of religion. We earneſtly wiſh, that as they wander through the deſert of their exile, they would gather that amaranthine plant *toleration!* and when a merciful Providence ſhall ordain their return, may

they carry that ſacred flower to their own country as a celeſtial exotic! which will add a rich fragrance to the native odours that envelope their altars.

Every Engliſh Catholic muſt undoubtedly reprobate the intolerant doctrine of the Biſhop of Meaux, except perchance that monk of the ninth century, the author of the Hiſtory of Wincheſter. See a moſt excellent pamphlet relative to that writer, by Dr. Sturges—ſee alſo a candid and liberal Addreſs to Dr. Sturges, by the learned Mr. Berrington, who, without departing from the principles of his profeſſion, condemns, like another Eraſmus, the encumbrances that adhere to *unreformed belief*.

THE END.

Printed by S. Gosnell,
Little Queen Street, Holborn.

Lately publiſhed by W. CLARKE, *New Bond Street.*

I. THE MONTHLY EPITOME OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, for 1797 and 1798; containing copious and intereſting EXTRACTS from the moſt important Works publiſhed during that Period; with the Contents of each Book at large, Liſts of Plates, &c. Alſo a complete Catalogue of Books, Pamphlets, Prints, and French Publications; Notices of Works in the Preſs, and copious Indexes. 2 vols. 8vo. half bound, price 14s.

☞ The ſame Work for 1799 *(continued monthly)*, price 6d. each number.

*** *Authors, &c. deſirous of an immediate notice of their reſpective Works, may tranſmit copies of the ſame to the Publiſher, No.* 38, *New Bond Street.*

II. AN EXPLANATORY PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY of the French Language (*French and Engliſh*); wherein the exact Pronunciation is repreſented by Engliſh Sounds, and the Articulation of every Syllable *more* diſtinctly marked, than in the following Specimen:

Beauté, f. *Bo-ta*, beauty.
Exil, m. *Eg-zil*, exile.
Guichetier, m. *Giſh-tia*, a turnkey.
Oiſeleur, m. *Waz-leur*, a fowler.

To which are prefixed the Principles of the French Pronunciation; Prefatory Directions for uſing the Spelling repreſentative of every Sound; and the Conjugation of the Verbs, regular, irregular, and defective, with their true Pronunciation. By L'ABBE TARDY, late Maſter of Arts in the Univerſity of Paris. Price 4s. 6d. bound.

*** A few copies, hot-preſſed, in various neat and elegant bindings.

III. SIXTEEN VIEWS of the LAKES in CUMBERLAND and WESTMORLAND, drawn by SMITH and EMES, and engraved by ALKEN: viz. Vale of Lonſdale—Coniſton Lake—Winandermere, Great Iſland—Winandermere, from Calgarth—Elter Water—Stockgill Force—Upper Caſcade, Rydal—Rydal Water—Graſmere Lake—Leathes Water—Derwent Water, from Caſtle Crag—Derwent Water, from Ormathwaite—Buttermere—Lowes Water—Ulles Water, upper End—Ulles Water, towards Gowbarrow. Price One Guinea.

IV. WEST's GUIDE to the LAKES *(a new edition)*, with the above Views. Price 1l. 6s.

BRITISH MUSEUM 9 OCT 26